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## APRIL, 1918


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# The Acropolis

A PAPER BY THE STUDENTS OF BARRINGER HIGH SCHOOL

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

APRIL TWENTY-THIRD, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTEEN

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FRANCES GROSSEL

# The Gray Death

By Macdonald Osborne.

(This story is an unfinished mystery story. It was handed to us without an ending, and as we are desirous of knowing how it should come out, we are offering two suitable prizes for the best and the second best concluding chapter. This contest is open to all members of the school. Read the story and see if you can write a good ending. The two prize stories will be printed in the June issue.

All manuscripts must be written neatly, in ink, and must be in the Acropolis box in the office on or before May 15th.

Members of the literature board of the regular and senior Acropolis are not eligible to compete.

Try your hand at writing, and put up a fight for the prize.)—The Editor.

MR. WILLIAM KENT, private detective and world-famous criminolgist, stood wrapped in thought one morning in early spring. His tall form towered above the library table, while his quick blue eyes took in every detail about the room in which he was. On the floor in front of the table lay the body of the murdered James Cummin, the owner of the house, a steel dagger, covered with gore, lying at his side. The top of the library table was strewn with books and papers, as if some one had thrown them around in search of one that might be at the bottom of the pile.

As he stood surveying the evidence before him, Kent heard a slight gasp. Turning around, he saw young Mrs. Cummin, the widowed bride of three months, standing in the doorway. Her eyes were fixed on the face of her husband, and she seemed about to collapse. The detective crossed the room, pulled down the shade, then turned to the young woman.

"The room seems more comfortable without so much sunlight," he remarked. "Do you feel strong enough to answer some questions now, Mrs. Cummin?"

She nodded without speaking.

"Will you tell me, then, the whole story, as far as you know it, omitting nothing? Remember, it is only by telling the whole truth that the murderer may be traced."

She nodded again, sat down at the table, shuddered slightly, and began.

"Last night, after supper, James and I were sitting in this room, reading. Then he took pen and paper and began to write. When I asked him what he was doing, he said that it was factory work, so I did not bother him further."

"What did he mean by 'factory work,' Mrs. Cummin?" interrupted Kent.

"Oh, his factory was at work on plans for a new type aeroplane, so that I suppose he was writing specifications. He has quite a number of plans here somewhere."

The detective's eyebrows raised slightly. His young companion continued, not noticing him.

"Finally I rose to go upstairs. James got up, and kissed me, telling me not to wait up for

him, as he would be busy quite a while. He was still working when I went to sleep * * * I was awakened by the humming of a motor car—what time I could not say. I could see through the open door the light was still burning in the library. Wondering what had kept James so long, I went downstairs and opened the door. I saw—— I——oh, Mr. Kent—I can't stand this —any longer. Mayn't I—go now—p-p-lease?" Her brown eyes were full of tears.

"Most certainly, Mrs. Cummin, and I'm very sorry I had to keep you at all," hastily replied Kent, wondering how he could have been so thoughtless as to have made her stay in that room of horror so long.

As the young widow left the room, the detective turned to examine more closely the evidence around him. Nothing had been disturbed, so that he might get his clues unspoiled. First, he examined the dagger carefully with a microscope. It was a curious knife, the handle resembling an ordinary pocket knife, but by pushing a spring, a keen blade could be made to appear at one end. This blade it was that had done its work so thoroughly. Upon again pushing the spring, the blade disappeared, the weapon becoming once more the harmless pocket knife. Kent spent half an hour in gathering more evidence, at the end of which time there came a knock on the door, and two persons entered. They were Henry, the butler, and Mariette, the maid, as they told the expert, and had been sent by their mistress to answer any questions that might arise.

By dint of asking, Kent soon obtained the following items of interest. James Cummin had a half-brother, who was associated with him in his business. This brother was of a very disagreeable nature, albeit he had always been very fond of James. They had quarreled several times lately—nothing serious at all, m'sieu, you know, but little arguments about the business and such. But then, it had been this half-brother, Harold Quincey, who had summoned Mr. Kent, so of course, m'sieu will know that he is not the guilty one.

Neighbors? Yes, one. A funny man, Otto Drubbel, pro-German before the war (here the two domestics glanced quickly and stealthily at each other, but their glance did not escape the detective's eye), and a fanatic at collecting curios, cabinets with hidden drawers, watches with secret jewel cases, and such like. Here Kent thought of the knife.

"Does this man own a gray car?" inquired the man-hunter.

"Most assuredly, m'sieu. Why?"

"Because Mrs. Cummin was awakened by a motor car—evidently that of the assassins. And as I was coming in here this morning, I picked two flecks of gray paint out of the driveway. The criminal escaped in a gray car."

The two servants gasped at such quick work. But not for nothing was Kent the best detective in the Americas. Soon after, the detective left the house, promising to return on the morrow.

He reached his own rooms, and, locking himself in, gave himself over to reviewing the facts before him. While he was doing this, there came a knock at the door. A moment later, his valet brought him a calling card on which was inscribed the name "Otto Drubbel." Kent sat up with a start. The man who owned a gray car, and who dealt in curios! The very one whom he would be most likely to suspect!

"Send him in," he ordered, and the man of mystery entered. He was not such a mysterious man, after all. Short, stout, jolly, gray-haired, he seemed the impersonation of frankness and goodwill itself. Surely there could be nothing in this kindly old gentleman to make him commit murder. But then—

"Won't you sit down, Mr. Drubbel?"

"Thank you, sir. Now—er—you won't mind if I take up a bit of your time, will you? No? Well then, I'll tell you. My house was broken into last night! But the funniest part about it is, that nothing was gone but a curious knife of mine that I had picked up in Italy, while right beside it was a jeweled watch worth a thousand dollars at least. What do you make of it?"

During this talk, Kent's brain had been undergoing a revolution. How could it be? That this man, who might have, for the interests of Germany, killed James Cummin and taken those important plans, had himself been robbed of the very weapon, perhaps, which had killed Cummin.

"Is this the knife?" inquired Kent, holding up the fatal article.

"Yes, yes, that's it. Where did you get it?"

"By the body of your murdered neighbor."

Drubbel's face turned a chalky white. "Surely you'll not think I'm responsible? Why I liked Cummin, admired his patriotism, had been the confidant of some of his secrets. You know I'm not to blame for this awful affair. Look at the finger prints, man, compare them with mine, anything, everything, only don't accuse me of being a murderer!" He ended in almost a scream.

Kent thought rapidly. Could this man have robbed himself? Could he have "faked" a robbery so as to throw the detectives off the trail? And as for finger prints—

"There are no finger prints, the man who did the deed in both cases wore gloves."

"Well, then of course, sir, you'll have to hold me among the guilty till I'm proved innocent, which I know will be done before very long. In the meantime, Mr. Kent, I'm very glad to have met you, and I apologize to you for keeping you so long. Good-day, sir, good-day," and he was gone.

Kent went to sleep that night with his head in a whirl. This last bit of evidence seemed to prove the innocence of the curio collector. Who else was there? James Cummin had had no ene-

mies, and there were only five people who could possibly know about the plans on which he was working: his wife, the two servants, his half-brother, and Otto Drubbel.

Early the next morning the detective was at the house of Mrs. Cummin. He asked to see her for a few moments. She came in, pale and trembling, but firm of lip and eye. A dauntless courage seemed to lurk in her features. Kent, after glancing at her with admiration, began.

"In the first place, Mrs. Cummin, the assassin of your husband was a German sympathizer. A piece of wool, a mere scrap, that I found on the floor, and which is just the color and goods of the German uniform, proves that. In the second place, he wasn't killed with the knife I found. He was killed in some mysterious way, and stabbed afterwards to make it look like common murder. The curtains and chairs and books which lay around as if there had been a struggle were in reality disturbed some minutes after the murder had been committed. The blood on the assassin's hands was already drying, and some of it rubbed off in scaly form on the things he moved around. The criminal was clever—he wore gloves, so that we can find no finger prints. He knew exactly where the prints were—for they were in a section of the table that was entirely undisturbed after they were taken. Which also shows that Cummin had no chance for his life. He was killed from behind, the papers taken, and the room disordered.

"Of course, you want to know if I can trace the criminal. Well, I know that he escaped in a gray car, and I suspect your neighbor Mr. Drubbel. But of course, I can't say for sure yet."

At this moment there was a knock on the door.

"Come in," called the young widow in a low voice.

Henry entered, shaking from head to foot, and his face working with fear.

"Come, come, brace up old man, what is it, anyway?" queried Kent.

"Oh—oh—o—it's terrible, sir, awful! Mr. Drubbel was murdered last night, s-s-sir, and not a mark on his body! His papers were all strewn about, too, like our poor master's here, and a GRAY CAR WAS FOUND HIDDEN UNDER A LOW BRIDGE NOT THREE MILES AWAY!"

At the last words Mrs. Cummin rose wildly, started to speak, gave a faint gasp, and sank to the floor unconscious!

* * * * *

(This is the story. The two prize endings will be printed in the June number.)

---

# The Disappearance of John Craven

By Marion Gifford.

THE Cravens and I have been neighbors for over forty years. You notice that I said *neighbors,* and I didn't mean folks that live next door to each other and smile apishly when they meet and mutter something about "lovely day," "going to snow" or "is this hot enough for you?" Mary Craven and I have exchanged piccalilli receipts over the back fence, borrowed sugar, lent apron patterns, and slipped a cake or a potato salad in the back way when the minister unexpectedly dropped in for tea. During the past forty odd years I have come to know the Cravens about as well as I know my own family and I guess if any one can tell you about the disappearance of John, I can.

There was a large family of Cravens—let me see—there was Alice, the oldest one who was just starting normal school when John disappeared, and next to her was Bob, my favorite. He never got along well with his books, but on the football field he starred. Then came Ruth, the beauty of the family. I can close my eyes now and see her bobbing brown curls and flashing blue eyes. John and Ruth were twins and inseparable, if you saw one you could be sure that the other wasn't far off; and the baby, Margaret, cooing little Margaret, was the youngest.

There came a time when the postman handed Ruth a stiff white envelope, which contained her first invitation to a real dance. 'Twas to be a grand affair down at Wilcox's, given in honor of Mary Wilcox, who was soon to leave for Europe. That meant Ruth's first party dress. I helped Mary Craven cut out the flimsy pieces of silk, baste them together, and fit them to Ruth's slender figure. The very important job of getting the length of the skirt was finally reached and then the cry was, "longer, oh, mother make it longer! It's *so* old-fashioned short!" Strange, yesterday I heard a fair maid distractedly cry, "Short! It *must* be short! It's *so* old-fashioned long!"

The day that Ruth had encircled with red ink on her calendar arrived after what seemed eternity to the child. The last snapper was sewed on, the last basting pulled out and the last ruffle pressed, the dress was completed and carefully spread out on Ruth's bed awaiting her. I was glancing over it for a stray basting stitch that might have escaped our notice when I found that part of one of the ruffles lacked its border of narrow blue ribbon and not another snip of blue ribbon was there left. We quickly called in John, gave him a sample of the ribbon and sent him to town with directions to purchase a quarter of a yard and "now listen—hurry!"

An hour passed and John should have returned in less time. Two hours passed and dusk had fallen. Supper time came, but still no John. A timid, worried look was growing in Mary Craven's eyes. Her husband's excuses for the boy's delay came more falteringly. Tears were by this time flowing down Ruth's full rosy cheeks and Alice and Bob were out searching for the lad. Time for the party came, but Ruth stormily refused to go.

"What! Go to the party without John. Maybe—may—be he was r-run o-over and a-a-n-d—," the rest ended in a flood of tears. The search went on all night, but of no avail. The days ran into weeks, and the weeks into months, and the months became years, and not a trace of John Craven was to be had. Alice had married and moved to Ohio. Bob was in business in New York. Baby Margaret was in college and Ruth, a good part of her beauty gone, was at home with her widowed mother. I, too, had grown old. My hair had become thin and gray, my hands stiff and crooked, and my house was still and the cookie jar was full.

But on every Christmas they all came home and then Mary Craven and I forgot that we were old and gray. On this particular Christmas we were planning for unusual "big times" by way of decoration, I was tacking the last bit of holly in the front windows, late one afternoon. It was then that something happened that caused me to drop the hammer on my toe and flatten my nose against the window pane. A man, bent and feeble, was hobbling past the gate, he stopped, jerked his cap off, and smiled. Something in his manner caused my heart to beat quicker, and I watched him turn in at the Craven's gate and hobble up the stone steps into the house.

Curiosity got the better of me! I caught up my shawl, threw it about my shoulders and felt my way along the icy pavement to Cravens.

It was as I thought. In the living room the family was gathered about the old man. Mary Craven had her arms about him and Ruth was clutching at him and wildly crying "Johnny, Johnny, oh, Johnny Craven!" After some of the confusion had subsided, John, once so young, healthy and boisterous, put his hand down in his overcoat pocket and drew up a quarter of a yard of narrow faded blue ribbon.

"I'm sorry I'm so late, sis," he was saying in a cracked and shaky voice, "but you see *I had to wait for a Clifton car.*"

* * * * * *

And yet, dear fellow students, when we enter the interior of this sanctum at 9:02, they say, "car excuses not accepted. Start earlier; room 41, next!"

---

# The Sands of the Sahara

IRVING GIBSON IDLER.

*Synopsis of the preceding chapter.*

*Two powers of Europe, Mauritania and Nordinia, enemies, covet the same country in Africa, Sululand. Mortan King, an agent of Mauritania is sent on a secret mission to Sulu, by way of Alexandria. He is followed to Alexandria by agents of Nordinia, who are baffled as to his intention. While in Alexandria, King visits the shop of Ali Pasha, where he has a fainting spell, which seems suspicious to him. The agents of Nordinia secretly search his baggage, but find nothing but a blank sealed document. King is journeying across the Sahara when his caravan is attacked by a tribe of Kurds. In the excitement the approach of a third party is unnoticed.*

---

AT this time the others arrived and entered the fight. For the first time King espied the newcomers and with his men gave a mighty cheer. The combined attack was too much for the Kurds and they quickly fell back, leaving several of their killed and wounded on the sands. They returned to their mounts and dashed away, while King jumped up and made his way to his rescuers.

"To whom do we owe such timely assistance," he asked. A European stepped forward from an assemblage of Turks, Moors and Arabs.

"My name is Hunter," he answered. "I saw your situation through my glasses and hurried here to pull you out of the mess." The two men conversed for some time. Hunter told King he was journeying to Isala to inspect a grove of date trees which his company had purchased. Upon hearing this King invited him to join his party. The idea of having a companion of his own race appealed to King. Hunter accepted the proposal and the parties formed into one.

The days passed as they made their way through the hot sands. No sign of life, nothing but a broad, glaring expense of yellow sand. King and Hunter were travleing side by side. During these days they had discussed almost everything they knew. King had told Hunter he was traveling to Isala just for a novelty.

"Gee," exclaimed Hunter, "I wouldn't make

this trip if I didn't have to. Perhaps I will go to the west coast from Isala. What do you intend to do?"

"I really don't know, as yet. Perhaps I shall journey farther, perhaps not."

The caravan had encamped for the night. King tossed about on his portable cot—he could not sleep. He lay there dozing, when a slight noise attracted his attention. As he peered out from beneath his cover he saw what appeared to be an Oriental bending over his baggage, evidently intending to plunder it. King determined to catch the man. He leaped from his cot, but the would-be-thief had noticed his move and tripped King. When he arose the infidel had escaped King quickly spread the alarm and summoned the leader of the caravan.

"One of your men has attempted to rob me," spoke King sternly, "go find the culprit."

"Yes, *Sahib,*" answered the leader who was chagrined that one of his men should be a thief.

Despite a very searching investigation nothing was discovered and the matter was dropped.

After further days of tiresome travel through the Sahara an oasis loomed up on the horizon. As they drew closer they saw a town was situated in it. To be sure it was not much of a place, but it seemed like Paradise to those who had been on the desert so long. After a hearty farewell the caravan of King and Hunter separated. King's party took up their quarters outside of the city while Hunter, leaving his caravan, went directly into the town. He came to a small dwelling and ascended the narrow stairway to a room in the rear. He pushed aside the curtain and entered.

"Hello, Burger, what luck," greeted one of the group. Burger pulled a chair up to a crude table and sat down.

"Rotten! To begin at the beginning—I paid that Kurd leader a tidy sum to make a sham attack on King's crowd. Those Kurd's don't care how many of their men are killed as long as they are well paid. Well, he almost made a mess of it! The treacherous villain evidently thought he would work it both ways. Contrary to my orders he determined to wipe out King's caravan and reap a double harvest. I came just in time and drove the Kurds away. Of course, King was very grateful and I gave my name as Hunter. He invited me to travel with him and of course I accepted. Our plans seemed to be working just right! During the journey I pumped King but all I could get out of him was that he was a tourist journeying to Isala, for a novelty. Not another word about himself would he tell! To be sure I searched his baggage. I dressed as a Turk in order to be unrecognizable if I should be seen. I *was* nearly caught but made good my escape and they never discovered anything further. What did I find? The same as before—nothing! He still has his packet though. I secured it, opened it and found the same as Meier, blank paper! I returned it safely, but now we are just as far from a conclusion as ever." The group looked dejected, disheartened and downcast. The arrival of another broke his silence.

"Fellows, I saw our man. He has engaged a number of Moors to take him to Kashna, Sulu. One of the men jumped up from his chair. It was Meier.

"So he *is* bound for Sulu! Gentlemen, our enemy Mauritania wishes to accomplish something which will be a serious reverse for our country, Nordinia. It is our duty to follow and learn what this is." Thereupon it was agreed to journey immediately to Kashna and there await the arrival of King and watch for developments.

* * * * *

King was overjoyed as he saw the town of Kashna before him. The journey across the Sahara had been a long and tedious one. His destination was drawing near. Then, too, he would soon know the purpose of his journey, for his only orders had been to seek out a Mudah Singh at Kashna, and secure a liquid which would give up the secret of the papers he was carrying. He dismissed the Moors, paying them well for their services. He made his way through the narrow streets and inquired as to Moudah Singh's dwelling. After securing this information he proceeded directly to the Moor's home.

He was ushered into a large room, decorated in European style, where Moudah Singh sat at a low table. He was a ferocious looking, tall, stalwart Moor with two large crafty eyes. As King entered he looked up.

"Moudah Singh? I am King, of Mauritania." The men exchanged glances. "All is well," slowly murmured King.

"All is well," repeated the Moor, "with God's help."

"With God's help," answered King. The passwords exchanged King drew forth the packet.

Moudah Singh unlocked a small sandalwood chest and took out a small vial of liquid. He placed it on the table.

"No doubt you wonder much what this liquid is. It comes from a plant grown only in this section of the world. My father handed down the secret to me which I sold to your Government for a large sum. How its power was discovered I don't know, as my father never told me." The Moor spread the sheets of blank paper before him and applied the liquid to them. As they sat watching, a few faint marks began to show. They became plainer and plainer. In a few moments, the papers were dry, the message appearing in bold, black letters. King grasped them eagerly. He read: "You shall take the enclosed agreement to the ruler of Sulu and secure his signature to it, then return immediately as secretly as possible.

King read through the treaty, for such it was. To sum it up in a few words, it contained an agreement whereby all products of Sulu were to

be shipped to Mauritania, the resources of Sulu should be developed by Mauritanian capital and by no other nation for which privileges Sulu was to receive an amount of money equal to $10,000,000 in United States currency, and was also to receive the military protection of Mauritania. It really meant the placing of Sulu as a Mauritanian protectorate, the signing away of the independence of Sulu. King thought of this but shrugged his shoulders. What right had he to consider this? His duty was to secure the signature of the ruler of Sulu to that treaty.

He took leave of Singh and left the building. As he stepped outside he saw a European across the street who jumped quickly out of sight. King started! He was sure he recognized the face. It was Hunter! Why should Hunter be there and besides, why should he avoid him? Then in a flash it dawned upon him. He *was* followed! Without betraying to Hunter that he had seen him, King hurried down the street to the only hotel in town. When in his room he began to think of the past events. The fainting spell at Alexandria, the attack by the Kurds, the rescue by Hunter—all fake! He recognized in each an attempt to discover his mission. He thought of the Turk whom he had seen searching his baggage. That was also part of the plot! Perhaps there were more than one following him. Now that he was near the end of his journey and the secret had been revealed on the papers, he began to feel worried. After some deliberation he opened the door and went down stairs and approached the inn-keeper.

"I wish to journey to the capitol to-morrow, will you make all arrangements for me?" he asked. The inn-keeper agreed, but he was not the only one who had heard. In one corner sat a Moor, about whom there seemed to be something familiar. King noticed this. Those eyes! He remembered! The Moor was none other than the man in the store of Ali Pasha at Alexandria. Now he knew there *were* more than one! Back in his room he chuckled!

* * * * *

The next morning the same Moor was dozing in the corner of what served as the lobby of the inn. The inn-keeper mounted the stairs to inform the foreigner that all was in readiness for his trip. A few seconds later the landlord ran down the stairs excitedly and exclaimed: "He is not there, he has jumped from the window and gone away."

At this time the apparently half-asleep Moor dashed from his stool and stood looking at the inn-keeper in astonishment. The latter soon quieted down and shrugged his shoulders, "It does not matter, he paid me well—and left his baggage."

The Moor ran to the house opposite, where in one room were concealed four men. They were the same as those who had been at the Embassy at Alexandria. He rushed into the room where the others were anxiously waiting, and tore off his garments.

"He's wise, men! He has given us the slip—disappeared during the night. The best thing for us to do is to go to that Moor, Moudah Singh, and *force* the truth from him." Meier was panting both from excitement and anger as he cast aside his Moorish costume.

The entire party, enraged and chagrined, made their way into the house of Singh. Coming into his room Meier took the lead and began abrubtly:

"Singh, we are agents from a strong power of Europe. We know King came to you yesterday on important matters between this country and Mauritania. We pay well for information; what do you say?" Meier drew forth a small sack of gold and held it before the eyes of Singh. The latter jumped from his seat.

"How dare you enter this room and attempt to bribe *me?* I have had no dealings with the Government of Mauritania or King, except of a personal nature."

"You lie," hissed Meier as he drew forth his automatic and pressed it against the breast of the Moor. "We know what King's mission is, now you are going to tell us every detail. If you do, you get this gold; if you keep silent or lie, you *die!* To emphasize the last word Meier pressed the revolver closer to Singh's heart.

The Moor looked terrified! Then his Moorish traits showed. He did not wish to die, and besides there was *gold*. A Moor knows no honor when *gold* is at stake. He agreed to tell everything. The agents listened intently to his story.

In the meantime, King was making good time toward the capitol, Ahala. He had slipped from his room after dark and had persuaded a guide to start for the capitol during that night.

His pursuers were coming full speed in an effort to catch him. The next morning King felt a thrill as he passed through the suburbs of the capitol city. Less than ten minutes later Meier and his associates passed the same spot.

As King drew near to the Governmental buildings he noticed a large crowd assembled under one of the balconies of what he judged to be the residence of the ruler. He dismissed his cart and elbowed his way through the crowd to a point close to the balcony upon which had stepped a gentleman attired in military dress. At this same instant Meier and his party arrived on the scene. The entire assemblage became silent. The man on the balcony, whom King heard the people call the Grand Vizier, unrolled a sheet of parchment and began to read:

"The ruler of Sulu wishes to announce to the inhabitants of this most fortunate country that a treaty has been signed with the United States of America, in which Sulu agrees that the United States be given first choice of her products in return for which the United States agrees to protect Sulu from any encroachment upon her rights *by any country of the world!*"

# A Vision of To-morrow

By Mary Fisher.

"GRANDFATHER, please tell us something of the Great War of 1914."

A number of children ranging in age from four to eighteen eagerly crowded about Mr. Miller. Grandfather's stories about the war, that had rocked and swayed the civilzed world for four long years, were especially thrilling. They loved to hear him tell of his experiences at the Battle of the Marne, and at Verdun, where he had been wounded. He had told them of the German people's blind devotion to the Kaiser, who was sacrificing the lives of his illusioned subjects on the Altar of Mars. With tears streaming down his cheeks, he had recounted to them tales of the terrific suffering, the numbing, nerve-racking pain of the people as the months lengthened into years, after the outburst of the war.

Now, as he looked about him into the happy faces, turned so eagerly toward him, and then glanced about the village that bore the signs of prosperity and happiness, it did not seem possible to him that just fifty years ago, the heart of this village of Heimer was bled white by the sacrifice of so many of its young lives. He could feel again the sense of desolation that had swept over him, when he had returned to his little home to find the village a black ruin. The story of his romance with their grandmother was precious to him. He loved to speak of her tender care for him when he had returned disfigured to her. All was so different now. He sighed contentedly, settled himself comforably in the chair his attentive grandchildren had placed under the trees for him.

"I shall tell you to-day of the death of the monarch whose fiendish ingenuity plunged Europe, and later America, into war. His life was a curse on us, his death a blessing. It was a bitter disillusionment, but now we thank God for it.

"I have told you how we fought for three years against England, France, Russia, Italy, Belgium, and Serbia; how we were in turn victorious, and in turn defeated; how our hopes were buoyed up by the submarine campaign, which it seemed to us should force our enemies to their knees, and how we prayed for peace and fought the harder to bring it nearer. Then came the blasting of our hopes for success from the U-boats. The United States declared war on us. This knowledge stunned us. We, however, never suspected that our Government was to blame. We believed, fools that we were, that the world had become afraid of us, that France and England had sent a cry for help to America. We saw that man whom God made especially to guide the civilized world safely into the sunshiny Harbor of Peace; we saw him as a scheming politician, a fitting representative of a money-mad people. God forgive us for our willful misunderstanding of him!"

The old man leaned back in his chair, his eyes burning with the remembrance of by-gone passions. The children listened with silent, awed attention. Even Emily, the four-year-old baby looked up at the narrator with her pretty, blue eyes, wide and questioning. After he had rested, the old man continued his tale.

"In the spring of 1918, the year after America had entered the war, our Generals in consultation with the Kaiser had prepared for a mighty drive on the Western front. I cannot describe to you the instruments of torture and destruction that were concentrated on that front. You are too young, and"—his tone was tinged with bitterness—"too civilized to understand. We were filled with a desperate courage. We were conquering Russia on the Eastern front, and intended to conquer the whole world on the Western front. We believed God, Himself, could not stop us then. We had been promised land, homes, anything we could desire. We were to be the supermen, the masters of the universe. So we lay in waiting. Then one stormy night the word came that we were to strike with the first hour of dawn. Despite the heavy rain, the ominous thunder and lightning, Wilhelm, himself, had come to urge us to do our best. He sent his own bodyguard into our trench to fight for *our freedom.* His eyes shone with a fanatic light, as he sought to inspire us to unbounded strength and courage. I remember distinctly the rapt look on his face, and the tense poise of his body as he stood a few yards back addressing us. I experienced a sudden feeling of repulsion, as it came to me with a shock that this man, for whom I had been trained to feel reverence and love, was insane. In a flash I realized what he had done. The awful enormity of his crimes overwhelmed me. I turned faint with sickening despair. I knew that all our sacrifice, all the shedding of our blood, all the ruin of our fatherland, all the contempt the world felt for us was because of an insane whim of this maniac. A silence, painful in its intensity, followed the passionate appeal of the Kaiser. A strange uneasiness seemed to seize the men. I knew I was not alone in my realization.

Disregarding the storm that raged wilder and wilder, the Kaiser drew himself up and raised his eyes and arms to heaven with a gesture half appeal, half defiance. We heard a hoarse whisper:

"Fifteen minutes more—fifteen minutes more."

Then his mood changed.

"I need not Thy help! They'll die for me. I am their King. They adore me above Thee. Thou has no power over them now!"

His voice had become a frantic shriek. Then he laughed. Shall I ever forget that laugh! Shrill, piercing, horrible, it sounded over the fury of the storm. It struck a chill through my heart, and caused a shudder to pass over me.

Then God showed His hand. The skies seemed to burst open. The lightning blazed and flashed in a thousand places. Thunder roared louder than the blasts of fifty cannons. Then a terrible, blinding flash, a deafening crash, an agonized groan, and the Kaiser fell. Panic-stricken, we buried our faces. We shut out the fearful flashes but we could not shut out the scene we had witnessed. The wrath of God, terrible and sure, had been visited upon presumptuous man. As the fury of the storm exhausted itself, our courage returned. We determined to know the worst. Being an officer, I managed to make my way to the spot where my King had fallen. Several officers were before me. Von Hindenburg knelt beside the body, which lay face downward in the mud, and gently turned it around. We gasped with horror. The Kaiser was dead. On his forehead and right cheek was burned a cross, a ragged, bleeding cross. By some striking, freakish phenomenon, the lightning had marked the visitation of God with the symbol of Christ. Unconsciously we bowed our heads. The men crowded around. We could not prevent their seeing what we had seen. Wrapping the body in his coat, the faithful Von Hindenburg carried it from the field. But he could not carry away from us the terrible impression of the scene upon us. When the first numbness of horror had passed, an effort was made to carry out the attack, but in vain. The terrible news spread through the trenches like wild fire, and men feared and shuddered, and besought God to spare them from their leader's fate. Their eyes were opened. They saw how they had been deluded, and became full of intense hate against the man, for whom, an hour before, they had been willing to sacrifice all. Later, a half-hearted battle was fought for pride's sake, but our cause was doomed. We believed that God had deserted us, and our hearts were sore. We were badly beaten, and forced on the defensive.

"The war dragged on some months longer, but the discipline of our army had been destroyed. Everywhere was dissension and revolt. We were driven farther and farther back into our own land, and finally forced to surrender. It was a bitter dose for us to swallow, but domestic rebellion was sapping our strength. 'A Kingdom divided against itself must fall.' Peace was made and such a generous peace! We deserved no such mercy, yet it was given us owing to the untiring zeal of Woodrow Wilson, the President of the United States. It is owing to him that the world is at last on the road to permanent peace. It is because of his unselfish generosity toward us that we are not a crushed, ruined, bitter nation to-day. By his statesmanship, his eloquence, his wonderful personality, he reasoned men on both sides into his generous way of thinking. We lost Alsace and Lorraine, but we were reconciled to the loss. We had to make reparation to France and to Belgium, but it was their due. It is true that there are people here to-day who do not realize all that has been done for them, but most of us do. Many of us cannot help being bitter at times, and protesting against our fate. In our thoughtful moments, however, we lose all our bitterness, and feel naught but pity for the unhappy being who caused our suffering. He was probably not responsible for his unspeakable crime. His infernal system of militarism is abolished forever. We are now represented in the Bundereat and Reichstag, according to population, and the Chancellor is appointed by and responsible to us. I cherish the dream that some day we shall be a Republic like America. We have taken great strides forward, children, and by God's grace, we'll go further along the road of Democracy. But, however, far we advance, let us never forget the name of Woodrow Wilson, who started us on our pilgrimage toward democracy, and protected us while we were without friends and without leader."

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# Symptoms of Spring

When slowly to school we wend our way,
On lessons we have naught to say
When ponies undaunted have full sway,
    And little birds do sing,
When school girls in their chummy chats,
Instead of books discourse on hats,
When skates give place to baseball bats,
    Then we know 'tis spring.

When cars no longer us can balk
For then to school sure we can walk,
When all nature seems to talk
    And inspires each thing.
When studious ones no longer pore
Their four long hours or more
Over lessons that do bore
    Then we know 'tis spring.

# THE ACROPOLIS

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NEWARK, N. J., TUESDAY, APRIL 23, 1918

## THE TWO SPRING DRIVES.

The expected spring drive by the Germans has been launched and every one of us is watching the papers with more or less suppressed excitement and anxiety. For months the Allies have been preparing for this great Hun offensive by digging trench after trench between the present battlefront and Paris. So don't get scared when you see the glaring newspaper headlines that tell you the British have evacuated X— and the French have retreated from Z—. That's just following out the plans laid long ago by the authorities higher up. The French and British (with their colleagues), planned to retreat slowly through the network of trenches, and in so doing, to kill as many Germans as possible. The Germans, being on the offensive, are of course constantly exposed to the Allied fire, so this part of our program has worked out as planned. It has been estimated that if the Germans lose three and one-half million men in this drive, they will be defeated, and slowly, but surely, the German death list is piling up. Then, after the Allies have fallen back a certain distance, and the Germans have been crippled by the loss of so many men, it will be possible for the French and British to recover themselves and regain all the temporarily yielded territory—plus some more! This is a bit of strategy that not all of us knew about, but it's so, just the same.

Then, too, there's that other spring drive coming off this month—starting on April 6th, to be exact, the anniversary of our entering the war. It is the Third Liberty Loan and will be practically the same as the last loan in that bonds of former loans will be convertible into those of this loan. Bonds of the Third Loan will bear 4¼% interest, whereas, those of the first and second loans bore interest at 3½% and 4% respectively. Barringer boys did some fine campaigning for the other two drives and it is expected that their former creditable records will be duplicated this month. Barringer has usually led the Newark schools in the matter of patriotic

work, and it must continue so to do. While the Germans are deluding themselves that they are nearing Paris, let us work with energy and determination upon the Third Liberty Loan and once again astonish the Kaiser by our patriotism and pluck!

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### BASEBALL.

Spring is here! And along with spring comes eagerly awaited baseball. Everyone who can is out throwing a ball around every afternoon; in the streets, in vacant lots, anywhere, you may see two or more fellows having a go at the "American sport." And if you have walked by the gym. almost any afternoon during the past month you have seen a crowd of boys at it there, too. Only, of course, these fellows are different from the ordinary bunch of baseballers—for they are the members of the team, the baseball team of Barringer.

We all admire and envy them, for are they not out battling for their Alma Mater, as well as winning fame for themselves at the same time? They are the heroes of the school, and they deserve to be: theirs is no easy job, to which they may go out, and, by merely exercising their natural talents, climb to the top. They have to work steadily and hard throughout the whole season.

But do all of us appreciate what they are doing? No! If we did, every one of us would go to the games. Yes, we realize that there are other things to do, other interests to occupy much of our time, but surely we aren't busy on all days for which games are scheduled.

The team is like an army—in fact, it *is* an army, an army to uphold the standard and name of Barringer. And like every other army it needs support. If our boys in the front line trenches didn't know that the whole country was standing behind them and pulling with them, if they felt that we were uninterested in the Great War, don't you suppose they would lose half their efficiency? Well, it's the same way with our team. Imagine to yourself how you would feel if you saw the stand belonging to Barringer half empty, and the opposite benches nearly full as you trotted onto the field.

Our boys are going to put up a game fight, and it's up to us to stand behind them. We need them, and they need us. It has to be the whole school, or nothing. It's the same old principle of "United we stand, divided we fall." Think that over, then act as become loyal Barringerites.

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### EDITORS' LEAGUE MEETING.

The monthly meeting of the Editors' League of New Jersey was held at Union Hill High School, Union Hill, on March 9th. In spite of the fact that it was a rainy day, there was a fine number of members present. There were several interesting discussions, among them being those concerning the issuing of a publication by the league, the way in which members of the various boards are chosen, the best day on which to issue a school paper, and one or two other topics of a similar nature.

After we had quieted down, Mr. Ritter, the President of the Young Men's Advertising Agency of New York City, spoke to us. His talk was well chosen and very interesting indeed. We all enjoyed it.

Then came the refreshments, a ceremony which the members from Barringer, Burke Boyce, Ruth Cairns, Irving Idler, and Altha Gray did their best to make lively. They succeeded only too well. In fact, everyone was having such a good time that it was half-past five before anyone thought of starting for home. But we finally separated, after deciding to meet next time at East Side.

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### YOUR BEST, NOT YOUR BIT.

A few months ago one of the speakers appealed to us to do our best to further the cause of the Allies. Some of us at once began to redouble our efforts to help Uncle Sam. Others, feeling that the stage had been set for peace, laughed and continued in the same old way. But this titanic German drive has set us all thinking. We have the advantage in resources and men, hence the war must finally result in victory for the Allies. If you and I, by doing our best, can bring this day out of the distant future to a nearer day, is it not our patriotic and humane duty to do so? It is! There are several ways in which we may do this. First, *conserve* FOOD; second, produce food and other supplies; third, if male, over 18, physically fit, without dependents ENLIST, as soon as we have finished high school, via "quituation" or graduation.

If we are real patriots, as I am sure we all are, let us be sure to do at least the first; the third some of us only, may do. If we go farming, let us do so with the idea not of cutting school and exams., but of *producing,* and this by hard work. If we go out with this idea as farmers we'll succeed, if with the former idea we'll fail.

Let us all put our shoulders to the wheel, be our task great or small, and push the cause of our Allies on to VICTORY.

"Our Best," not "Our Bit," be our motto.

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### FOOD FOR THOUGHT!

Why did Barringer lose the recent debate to South Side? We lost to South Side, because our opponents put forth a sterling debate in an *experienced manner.* Our men lacked that essential thing, which South Side showed it had—experience.

Do you want next year's team to be a winner? Do you realize that next year's team will probably be picked in part from those of you who

(*Continued on page 27.*)

FRANK GAYLORD GILMAN

# Frank Gaylord Gilman

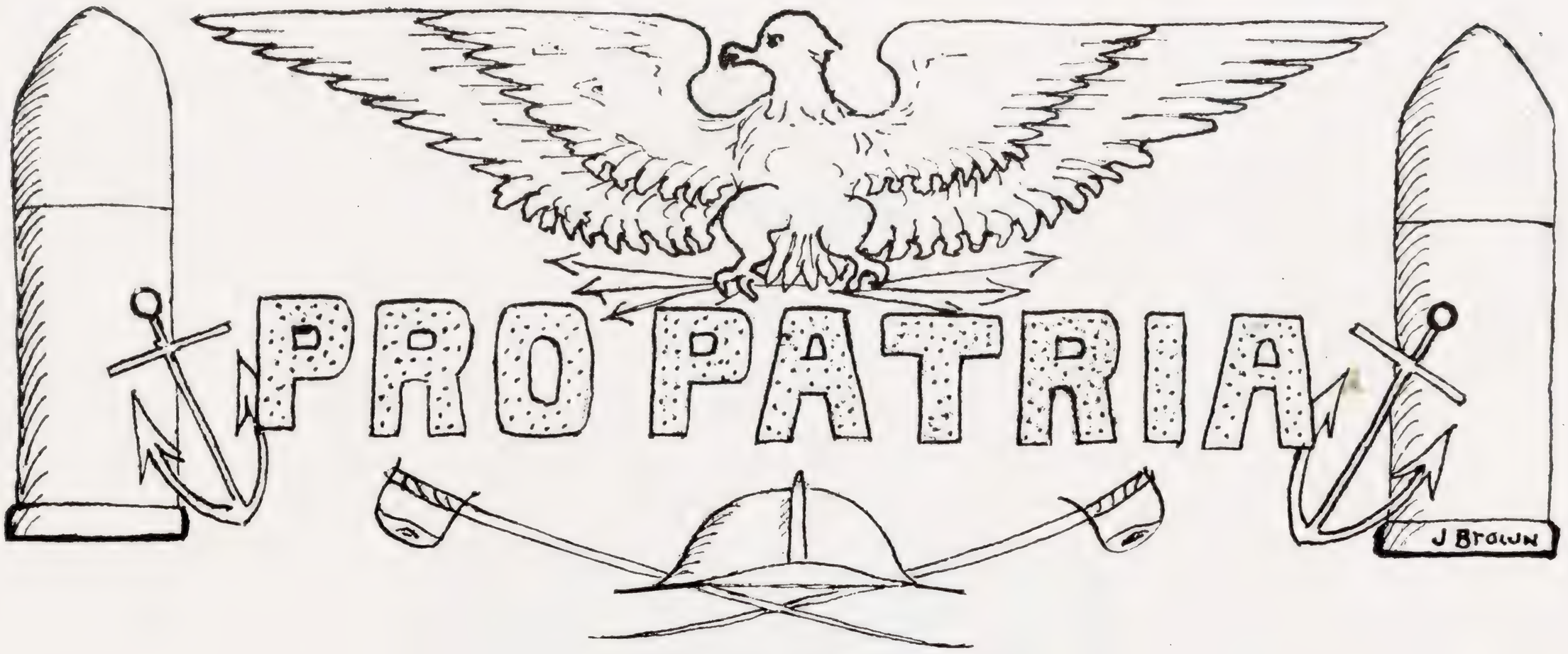
IN the death of Mr. Gilman, Barringer High School and the city of Newark have suffered an irreparable loss. Taken suddenly ill on Tuesday, the 19th of March, he grew rapidly worse and passed from us on Sunday evening, March 24th. Mr. Gilman was born in New York State on March 17th, 1863, his early education being gained in the schools of that State. He entered Cornell University with the class of 1888, graduating in that year. For some time during his college course he was an assistant in the office of Dr. Andrew D. White, the president of the University. He was interested, also, in athletics, playing first base on Cornell's baseball team. His fraternity was Alpha Tau Omega.

After leaving college, Mr. Gilman taught school in New York State for a few years, coming to Newark in the year 1891. He has often told me how different conditions in the high schools are now from what they were when he came here; his first experience was in the old building at the corner of Washington and Linden Streets. I think it can safely be said that the very high rank which our history and civics work in the high schools now takes can be ascribed to Mr. Gilman's efforts. When he first began to work here the study of civics, as such, was limited to a study of the state and nation. Mr. Gilman thought that a student's first business ought to be to study his own city. Consequently he inaugurated the study of municipal civics. Streets, parks, police departments, charities and other departments of the city's activities were studied. As there were no text-books on the subject, Mr. Gilman, with his associates in the history department, prepared pamphlets on the various departments of the city's affairs. These were printed and are now in use in all our high schools.

But it was not alone to the actual work of the class room that Mr. Gilman devoted his efforts. For several years the history department has had a prize speaking contest each year, the subjects for the speakers being taken from historical writings, famous for story, characterization, or dramatic interest. The oratorical work in the contests has always been of a very high order, Mr. Gilman never being satisfied until his students had done their very best. Hundreds of former students of Barringer will bear witness to the very great value of these contests, especially in preparing them to speak easily, confidently, and earnestly before an audience.

Another phase of Mr. Gilman's work was in the Forest Hill Literary Society. He, with a few others, founded the society, in 1897, and in no small degree is the continued success of this society due to his efforts. He was also an active member of the Wednesday Club, and the Sons of the American Revolution.

His work here is finished, but his memory is enshrined in the hearts of thousands of his pupils—the memory of an enthusiastic teacher, a good friend, a Christian gentleman. I cannot close this brief view of Mr. Gilman's work here without quoting a passage from Stevenson's Aes Triplex, which is singularly appropriate: "All who have meant good work with their whole hearts, have done good work, although they may die before they have the time to sign it. And even if death catch people, like an open pitfall, and in mid-career, laying out vast projects, is there not something brave and spirited in such a termination? When the Greeks made their fine saying, that those whom the gods love die young, I cannot help believing they had this sort of death also in their eye. For surely, at whatever age it overtake the man, this is to die young. Death has not been suffered to take so much as an illusion from his heart. In the hot-fit of life, a tiptoe on the highest point of being, he passes at a bound to the other side. The noise of the mallet and chisel is scarcely quenched, the trumpets are hardly done blowing, when, trailing with him clouds of glory, this happy-starred, full-blooded spirit shoots into the spiritual land."




AGNES POOLE, *Ch.*

HELEN SHEEHAN ROBERT BISHOP

## GIRLS' PATRIOTIC LEAGUE.

The number of knitted articles completed by April 1st, was 635.

Not previously acknowledged are:

SWEATERS—Catherine Wicks, Eunice Phillips, Frieda Paulus, Rose Ramo, Elizabeth Bethards, E. Moffat, E. Groves, Helen Klick, Myrtle Ballinger, Anna Bishop, Louise Jacobus, Agnes Rooney.

WRISTLETS—Lillian Poliakoff, Emily Berry, Eunice Phillips, Elizabeth Nichols, Mollie Hauser (2), Constance Carpenter, Louise Jacobus (2), Mary Barr, Dorothy Stone, Alice Dodge, Miss Rowden.

MUFFLERS—Mrs. Saylor, Mrs. Stonsifer, Lydia Smith, Bernice Cooper, Elsie Gilbert, E. Van Doren, H. Lanzetta, S. Guenther, J. Weckner, E. Carter, M. Hodupp, Etta Bender, Mollie Hauser.

HELMETS—A. Schoeck, Elizabeth Johnson, Mildred Hammell.

TRENCH CAPS—Elizabeth Nichols.

SOCKS—Mollie Hauser, A. Falconer (2), Miss Hill, M. Randall, E. Hagaman (2), D. Stromberg, Miss Antz (3), Margaret Frazee, Anna Douthert, Grace Teare (2), Agnes Poole, Teresa Walsh, Helen Morgan, Ruth Flaster.

The work of the League has been greatly helped by the auto service, contributed by John Jennings in transporting all finished articles to the Red Cross, and wool to the school.

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Camp Sherman, Feb. 22, 1918.
2d Co. Infty., 3d O. T. C.

Dear Mr. Dumm:

Your last letter was delayed in reaching me, due to my change in address. I was rather restless after my November vacation, and when opportunity offered to get into the O. T. C., I jumped at it. Now I am striving for a commission in this "Man's Army," working harder I think than I ever did before.

The day begins at 6 A. M., and the last class ends at 9 P. M. You can see it is a full day. Our instructors are mostly men from the foreign military missions, so our training is along the lines of most advanced modern warfare. Of course, you know that the American trench formations are identically those of the French Army.

The last few weeks have been devoted chiefly to mimic battles both in trench and open warfare. The British officers are earnestly emphatic in their demand that Americans be proficient in say, was the chief cause of the British failure to win an extensive and decisive victory at Cambrai. Of course, the impossibility of moving the big guns through the mud was also a determining factor.

The winter in Ohio has been exceptionally bad; and our work in the trenches has been anything but fun and play. Generally, friend or enemy is unrecognizable, because of the complete yellow covering of mud. "No Man's Land" is open warfare. The lack of that training they a sea a foot deep of yellow sticky mud, and shell holes are filled with water. I was unfortunate enough to draw a sniping assignment in one of the holes. I wish you could have seen me when I came out. You would never have recognized your old pupil.

The open warfare is more interesting and exciting. Problems come up for every individual to solve, and the expectancy of the unexpected keeps the men on their toes. Generally, the sides start from points about four miles apart, and head for each other. We had an interesting, though not exciting, battle yesterday. One company convoying a train from a certain point. My company to attack. Two ranges of heavily wooded hills lay between their starting point and

ours. The mouth of the pass through which the train was to pass, was about one mile from their starting point. Of course, in this problem we knew they would have to use the pass, but by forcing the march (and we were under heavy packs), the company crossed the first range and deployed in the woods along the second range, which completely commanded the flat farm land of the convoy's approach. Their guards came up carelessly, not expecting us so close. They passed without discovering us. Then as the main column came up the whole ridge blazed fire (blank cartridges), and before the enemy could seek cover or deploy, the judges decided we had wiped the company out (about five minutes actual firing). A platoon followed the advance guards, and taking them from the rear in the pass wiped them out in an enfilade fire. Our commanding position and the failure of the reconnoitering parties to give the enemy warning and thereby a chance to get into skirmish line made it a simple slaughter.

Each day each man in the camp is something different in the army personnel; Private, Sergeant, Lieutenant, Captain, Mess Officer and so on. Our victory gives the commanding officer of the day a good mark. The enemies total defeat marks some man down. Then the men commanding patrols that carelessly passed us by will receive poor marks.

Night work, is of course either study or lecture, and some weeks we have as much as five hours a day class work. Then almost every day brings a lecture from some of the foreign officers. Some of the latter were on the firing line as late as last August. We have one Frenchman who fought the entire three years. Naturally, we hear many most interesting war stories.

I saw a request in the *News* from Mr. Stearns asking for names of the graduates in the service. Will you give him my name, please. I should like to be with all the old bunch and, if possible, bring credit to Dear Old Barringer.

If I am lucky enough to get a commission, I shall be in Newark some time in April, and shall hope to see you then. The course ends April 5th. Of course, you will write to me before then.

Respectfully,

CLYDE B. GARDENIER.

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### TRUE BARRINGER BLUE.

Interesting letters have come home to Newark recently telling of the splendid work being done by a former Barringer boy, Judd Neal. Because of his record first in the Essex Troop and then in the Mounted Military Police, he with five other boys was sent to Birmingham, Alabama, to do special duties there. It is their job to keep any soldiers who may be in that city away from the places of vice, and to return any deserters they may see. Because of the splendid vouchers given for these boys by the officers at Anniston, Alabama, many of the finest homes in Birmingham have been freely opened to them and Neal writes that he isn't anxious to leave. We are all glad and proud to know that he is upholding the true Barringer spirit, and has been thought worthy to have such great responsibility placed upon him.

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Dear Norm:

I dare not try writing for the ACROPOLIS for fear of disgracing myself, but you can put this part in. I'll begin with *reveille* at 5:45 A. M. We have ten minutes calisthenics, then we prepare for breakfast. After the meal each man makes up his bunk, and sweeps around it. Drill call is sounded at 7:20 A. M. This is for artillery drill. The company is a mortar company and the batteries, are on the island about three miles from the post. It is connected to the mainland by a breakwater. The drill lasts an hour and a half or two hours, after which there is swimming drill, signal drill or rest for the men. The return to quarters is made at 11 A. M. Dinner served at 12 noon. We have the time till 2:00 P. M. to ourselves. Three afternoons a week we have infantry drill from 2:00 P. M. till 3:30 P. M. From 3:30 P. M. till 5:00 P. M. the men may play ball, swim in the bay or do anything that suits their whims. "Retreat" sounds at 5:15 P. M. The flag is lowered to the tune of the "Star-Spangled Banner" or the sounding of "To the Colors." Mess call at 5:17 P. M. The rest of the evening till taps is free to the men. At 9:00 o'clock the lights go out, except in the "day room" provided in each company with a pool table, library, magazines of all kinds, sometimes a phonograph or a piano and games, such as checkers, dominoes, chess, etc. Each man is on guard around the post about every ten days.

Small arms target practice is held every year. Each man has an opportunity to make "Marksman" by getting 150 shots out of 200.

Service practices with the twelve-inch mortars is held once every year, during which eighteen shots are fired. The practice lasts about five minutes, but it is nerve-racking and exciting while it lasts. The last firing at the battery wrecked the mortar sheds and smashed all the windows and window frames in the battery.

Sub-caliber practice, which is the firing of 2.95-in. shots through a small tube set in the bore of a gun, is held once a month.

Every Friday morning there is an inspection of the battery by some officers and everything must be spic and span. Every Saturday morning an inspection is held in front of the company quarters. This inspection sometimes takes the form of a *heavy marching order*. At these times we must roll a pack containing a blanket, one poncho, one-half of a shelter tent, five tent pegs, one tent rope, two pairs of socks, light wool, one suit of underwear, one comb, tooth brush and

soap, one mess kit, bacon can, one canteen and cup and a couple of other things. Altogether the pack weighs about sixty pounds. It is the same pack as that carried by the infantrymen. Every last day of the month is *muster*. On this day another inspection is held similar to the Saturday inspection. The fifth of the month is *pay day*. The big day for every soldier.

This is all I will have time to write now.

Your chum,

BILL.

(Willard Crofut)
2d Company, Coast Artillery Corps,
Fort Amador,
Canal Zone,
Panama.

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(Extracts from a letter from George Hulse, B. H. S., '14, Wesleyan, '18. Company 4, Officers' Training Camp, Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.:

* * * We have been rushed to death and are to be, as we have six years of stuff to go through and digest in three months, consequently we work more than any company in camp by several times. We are already considered the best soldiers in camp, and Col. Falls, head of the training camp, said the other day that our company was the best in drill and *"eprit de corps,"* and the rest of it that goes to make up an efficient organization. The men are college men and the value of the education received is very evident——we are adaptable, easy to instruct, easy to live with, and above all, congenial. Each college sent her best, physically, morally, and mentally. The moral plane is high and coupled with the strict discipline we are under, a cleaner bunch of fellows could not be found. Our instructors are the best in the business, and they guarantee to turn out officers who will be the best trained in the army. It is a privilege to me, and I guess everyone feels that way, to be numbered among the members of the 4th Co., O. T. C.

Our quarantine is a nuisance, but it has been lightened by a store being established downstairs, books being brought for our use, and a home talent show being allowed. The show was given last night and was very fine, considering the very short time in which it was gotten up. There is a good deal of talent in this company. After the show, the various college crowds gave cheers and songs. For the most part college bonds are unknown here, we are all 4th Company.

Yesterday we had inspection of quarters and I passed in fine shape. My corner is a model of neatness and systematic packing. I can dress, make my bed, and clean up in ten minutes now. I can lie abed after first call and make *reveille* now just like the regulars. Also we had another written exam. in which I feel I did very well, and then came the last "jab" in the arm for typhoid. My vaccination took last time, so I was spared that. The arm is not as sore this time and I felt no evil effects. One man was very sick and others felt pretty rotten last night.

During last week we had much new work. We have to make up our packs and take them on our hikes now. Each pack contains beside the cover and complex straps and flaps, one blanket, one tent cover, one raincoat, tent pins, mess kit, canteen, bayonet, and whatever else is to be carried. The gun is carried over the shoulder and one wears an overcoat in the bargain. We made our packs up in six minutes the first time, the other companies being allowed two hours the first time. The pack is not so bar as it keeps me anchored so that I do not slip on the ice. We have had some snow to contend with also, in fact it has snowed more or less, off and on, all week. But little things like that do not bother us.

We have voice culture also, and we yell commands and sing in order to get our voices in shape. The voice culture half-hour goes very quickly.

The bayonet drill came this week to stay the remainder of the time. The bayonet is an ugly weapon, but very effective, and essential. Uncle Sam figures on cleaning up the Germans with the bayonet so every one has to be very adept. The drill is fierce, we have to use our imaginations and cut and jab and look ugly and all the rest of it, as if we were really fighting. The drill is very hard on the muscles and cannot be carried on for any great length of time. Bayonet exercise is savage stuff at best, but I like it.

Then we have hand grenade throwing from standing, kneeling and prone positions. We throw and then throw ourselves flat on the ground regardless of clothes, ice, ashes on the ice, bones or skin. The man who goes down hardest gets the most credit. Grenades are one of the many new favors of this war.

I consider myself a favored man to wear the red, white and blue hat cord; the only insignia of our body, and to be numbered among those picked to officer the second great army of the United States drafted men. We are here for business, a bad business, and we hope to shorten the length of the agony.

I would not recommend army life for permanent diet, but although we are outside the cultural influences of home, we are inside the fountain of service and sacrifice.

GEORGE B. HULSE.

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Mrs. Frank Gaylord Gilman and family wish to express their deep appreciation of the tender messages of sympathy and the beautiful flowers sent by present and former members of the faculty and the present and former pupils of the High School, during the illness and death of their beloved husband and father, the late Frank Gaylord Gilman.

# SCHOOL NEWS

EMMA ANTZ, *Ch.*
CHARLES SILBER
ESTELLE KAMM
HARVEY WILLIAMS

## "GRINGOIRE."

One of the pleasant events of the year was the presentation of de Banville's play "Gringoire," by the Thalians.

The cast was as follows:

King Louis ..... Burke Boyce
Simon ..... Louis Kanengieser
Olivier-le-Daim ..... James Berry
*Gringoire* ..... Joe Brown
Jeannette ..... Mary Meeker
*Nicole* ..... Mildred Taylor

As Mr. Milwitsky mentioned in an opening address, the Thalians spared no pains in making their presentation as realistic and true to French life as possible. Every one who saw the play was delighted, and, we are sure, looks forward to other equally fine performances by our young dramatists.

Before the play began, the orchestra, under the direction of Miss Darnell, rendered Friml's "Melody" and Karganoff's "Minuet."

---

## BIG BROTHER EVENTS.

The Big Sisters and Big Brothers entertained their Little Sisters and Little Brothers during the afternoon of March 20. At first the parents of the little ones were shown the school building and were introduced to the members of the faculty. Then they all went to the auditorium where a most interesting program, arranged for them by the committee, was carried out. The opening address, an explanation of the Big Brother Movement, was made by the President of the 4A Class, Charles Frazier. Then Mary Glover and Frances Cohen gave a very pleasing interpretation of Slavak Folk Dances. Next came May Knust, the Vice-President, who offered some good advice to the newcomers. She told them that school was no place to display party frocks, for, "The plainest dressed girl is the best dressed girl." Then, too, she encouraged them to show school spirit by mixing work and play, and by buying Thrift Stamps instead of candy with their pennies. May also volunteered this valuable bit of information, "Mind your teachers or you will go to detention."

Captain Ritchie spoke next, about athletics in general and football in particular. He explained that the teams were all depending on the new men for support, and urged that all the boys come out for training, for a love of good sportsmanship gives one a strong body and a clean mind.

Charlotte Silberstein then favored us by singing a very pretty lullaby. This was followed by an interesting talk on the meaning of School Spirit by Alfred Lippman. He urged the Freshmen to join some of Barringer's many clubs, for surely there must be some club which is of especial interest to each one. Either the A. A. or the Thalians, the Glee Club or the Science Club, the French Circle or the German Club, the Girls' Patriotic League or the Boys' Discussion Club, the Sophs' Civic Club or the Rostrum, and last, but not least, the ACROPOLIS Board.

The Senior Class Chorus, composed of girls; sang two well known selections, the first being, "Songs My Mother Taught Me," by Dvorak, and the second "Maid Phillis," by Ernst. The ACROPOLIS was considered next in importance, so Burke Boyce, our editor, told us about it. He made clear how it was issued. First the articles are taken to Burke, then corrected by Mr. Barr, the adviser, then sent to the printer. The following week the Board meets and makes final corrections, the dummy is pasted and is then returned to the printer. Burke said those who write for the ACROPOLIS soon became well known. (What did he mean?)

*Pro Patria* was not forgotten for Ruth Patrick took care of that topic and did it exceedingly well. Barringer's part in this great war was briefly summarized. There are thirty-three boys in various branches of the service, $37,000 was invested in the Liberty Bonds, $5,550 in Thrift Stamps,$215 was given for the relief of Armenian sufferers. The younger boys are doing their bit by cultivating home gardens or working bn farms, and the girls have knitted six hundred and twenty-five articles for the Red Cross. Eleven hundred pupils of Barringer are members of that organization. It is very hard to find a slacker in Barringer.

Mr. Stearns gave a few words of welcome and then Helen Getchius and Esther Lefkowitz, two of our noted dancers, danced with their usual grace. After that the parents and the Freshmen were invited to the gym for refreshments and dancing.

### ARMENIAN RELIEF FUND.

Barringer students again had an opportunity to show their patriotism, when the Armenian Relief drive was under way. Rev. Davis W. Lusk, D. D., gave us a talk upon conditions in Armenia, picturing the terrible results of the war on that country. He said that seventeen cents would keep an Armenian orphan alive one day and sixty dollars would feed and clothe one for a year. To this as to all other worthy causes, Barringer students responded nobly. The sum of $214.00 was given to help meet the crisis as it exists in Armenia to-day.

---

### SENIOR A CLASS MEETING.

The regular monthly meeting of the 4A's was held Monday, April 1, at 3:10 P. M., in Room 56. The President, who was at the helm this time, seemed much annoyed at the manner in which the last meeting was conducted. He kept impressing on the honorable Secretary and Class in general, that no one seemed to know exactly what had been done at that meeting. What the fair secretary was doing during the meeting is still a mystery, but the fact remains, that the report was all mixed up. The Treasurer's report was accepted without dispute. The old matter of a moving picture machine was once more brought before the worthy "high brows," and was promptly "killed" by a certain gentleman, whose name is withheld by the censor. When the matter of a class motto was brought up, Mr. Kaltman displayed considerable energy. Miss Bolles did much to aid the chairman of the Motto Committee by airing her knowledge of Virgil, etc. Even after the vote was taken, Kaltman could not refrain from knocking the choice, going so far as to demand a recount. Mr. Halpern evidently thought that his classmates were not capable of thinking for themselves. After all the talk the motto was announced as *"Rapellez-vous que nous sommes en guerre."* As Messrs. Halpern and Kaltman had nothing further to say the meeting adjourned at 4:15.

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### SCIENCE CLUB.

The regular monthly meeting of the Science Club, was held Monday, March 18, at 3:10, in the lecture room. The reports of the Secretary and Treasurer were read and approved. The matter of club pins was brought up, and after much discussion it was decided not to have any pins this year. A sum of money was appropriated for the *Popular Science Monthly*. This magazine may be used by any one in the lecture room. After the business was disposed of the club enjoyed an interesting talk on gas masks, by Chas. Allen, one who has recently come among us and who is showing fine spirit. Mr. Rabone made a little address on "A Motion Picture Shooting Gallery." Time was set aside for the question box, a very nifty source of information. The meeting adjourned at 4:30.

### DISCUSSION CLUB.

The Barringer Discussion Club holds its meetings every Tuesday evening, at the Y. M. C. A. There is always an abundance of interesting subjects open to discussion. The Club extends a cordial welcome to all who may be interested.

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### GERMAN CLUB.

The second meeting of the German Club was held on March 21, in Room 76. The minutes of the first meeting were read and accepted. Mr. Nicklas, the treasurer, reported that $11.25 had been spent for records for the Victrola, leaving a balance of $19.55 in the treasury.

Two selections from Wilhelm Tell were played on the Victrola, following which Mr. Nicklas gave a lecture on the Katzenjammer Kids. The lecture was illustrated by stereopticon slides.

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### AUDITORIUM SPEECHES.

The school was entertained by several enjoyable speeches during March. They were as follows:

"What the United States Has Accomplished During a Year of War," by Charles Miller

"The Basis of a Permanent Peace," By David Wollman

"France," by Helene Sheehan and Marguerite Schlueter.

"Brown University," by Mr. Appleget, Executive Secretary of Brown.

"Extracts from President Wilson's Speech on February 11," Joe Brown and Albert Biederman.

---

On April 2d, Mr. Stearns told us that another of our schoolmates, George Poole, had enlisted in the service of our country. Cheers were given and there was a hearty round of applause. The Marines have taken George. The star added to our service flag makes the 32d on the flag.

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### BARRINGER-SOUTH SIDE DEBATE.

The first debates of the Rutgers Interscholastic Debating League were held on the evening of March 15. The question which was debated by about ninety-six schools, read: *Resolved,* that at the close of the present war, universal military training and service should be the fixed policy of the nation. Barringer, upholding the negative, was defeated by South Side by a vote of 2 to 1. But in spite of the fact that we lost, Barringer has reason to be proud for our boys did splendidly, and our school loyally backed the team with a crowd of supporters almost twice as large as the crowd from South Side.

Decision of Judges.

The negative was upheld by Milton M. Manshel, Leader; Norman F. Junker, Jerome Meier, W. Arthur Tries, Alternate, of Barringer.

The affirmative was upheld by Alexander Avidon, Leader; Percival Pennitah, J. William Corson, Henry B. Sayre, Alternate.

The presiding officer was Mr. J. Wilmer Kennedy, Assistant Superintendent of Schools, Newark, N. J.

The judges were Mr. J. Milnor Dorey, Head of the English Department, Trenton High School, Mr. Frederick E. Emmons, Principal of Battin High School, Elizabeth, N. J.; Mr. Frank A. Brick, Principal of Bayonne High School.

The Rostrum wishes to thank Miss Darnell for the very enjoyable musical program which was given under her direction.

The program was as follows:

Marche—"Lenore Symphony" ..... Raff
Barringer Orchestra.
Presentation Speeches, Affirmative and Negative.
Songs:
*a.* "Songs My Mother Taught Me," Dvorak
*b.* "Maid Phillis" .....Ernst
Senior Class Chorus.
Rebuttal Speeches.
Music—"Minuetto All' Antico".....Karganoff
Barringer Orchestra.

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## BARRINGER SELLS MORE TICKETS THAN SOUTH SIDE.

The Rostrum wishes to thank the room agents for their efficient, enthusiastic, and unselfish work in selling the tickets. The Rostrum also appreciates the loyal support the student body gave to our debators. More than one out of every three students of Barringer bought a ticket. It is great to feel that the school is getting behind such a big thing as debating, and so the Rostrum gives hearty thanks to every ticket buyer. It was a noble response!

Keep up the interest in debating and in the Rostrum. Do not lag because we lost the debate. This is just the time to turn in and get busy. Turn to the editorials and read *why we were defeated* and see how *you* can help make next year's team a successful one.

Below is the list of the room agents who sold ten tickets or more:

| Room. | Agent. | No. |
|---|---|---|
| 25. | Jerome Meier | 27 |
| 31. | Harold Speiser | 24 |
| 66. | Marion Gifford | 23 |
| 67. | Robert Bishop | 22 |
| 65. | Stuart Blodgett | 20 |
| 51. | Herman Boxer | 18 |
| 61. | Norman Junker | 17 |
| 26. | Alfred Lippman | 17 |
| 59. | L. Spann | 17 |
| 69. | Benj. Okin | 16 |
| 63. | Helen Green | 14 |
| 60. | Charlotte Stearns | 14 |
| 41. | Albert Biederman | 11 |
| 92. | Fred Frost | 11 |
| 39. | Joseph Sobicinski | 11 |
| 32. | Theodore Rissel | 10 |
| 86. | Washburne | 10 |
| 75. | Miss Wills | 10 |

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## HONOR ROLL FOR MARCH.

P. G. Room 50. Frank Liebe.

4A Room 26. Anna Douthert, Dorothy Gorham, Marguerite Schlueter, Dorothy Van Ness, Helen Verpillier, Martin Haviar, Morris Kleinman, Harvey Schaeffer.
Room 56. Camilla Browning, Mildred Cozzone, Mildred Hammell, Elline Moffat, Katharine Sayre, Myra Smith, Morris Berg, Michael Lisena.
Room 61. Grace Batelli, Gladys Barton, Nannette Ehring, Mary Fisher, Agnes Mentz, Gladys Paulus, Charlotte Silberstein, Marion Smith, Mary White, Grace Vogt.

4B Room 25. Edith Miller.
Room 36. Mary Brant, Jean Judson, Marion Smith, Mae Weeks.
Room 41. Isadore Cohn, Edmund Cox, Fritz Nicklas.
Room 66. Edna Altemiller, Elsie Brown, Muriel Gray, Helen Kussy, Gertrude Popkin, Dorothy Prell, Hannah Rudnitzky, Elsie Steinmetz, Edith Van Houten, Thurston Lawshe.

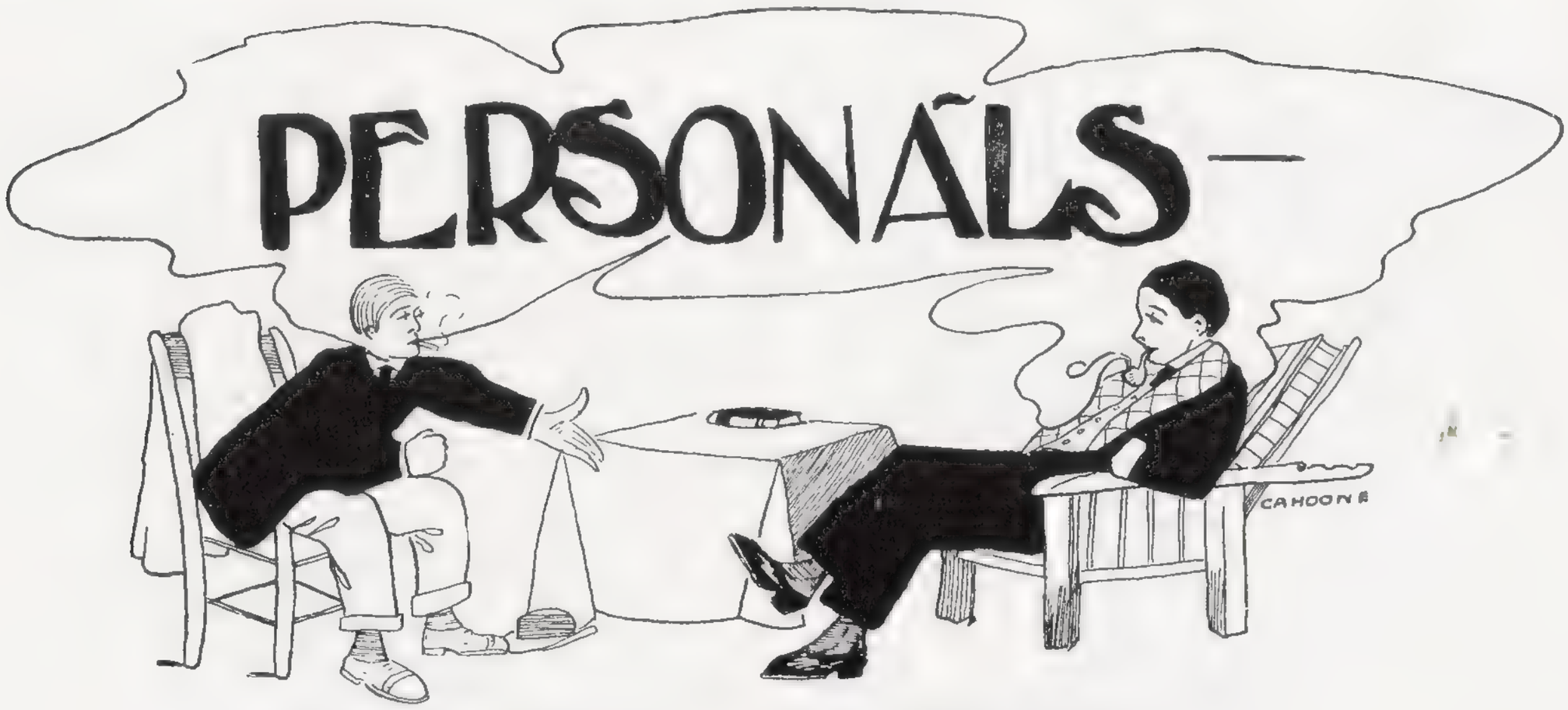
3A Room 37. Clarissa Hulse, Jean Lutz, Rose Stammelman, Mildred Taylor, William Fleishfarb, Wilbur Schenkel.
Room 55. Elizabeth Bolland, Estelle Kamm, Edward King, Garrett Stearly.
Room 63. Anna Kabis.

3B Room 33. Rose Froog, Charles Brewer, Edward Riveles.
Room 35. Marguerite Rusby, Abe Guss.
Room 50. Dorothy Work.
Room 59. Clara Muller.

2A Room 42. Eda Ahr, Alice Dodge, Harriet James, Lena Olshan, Anna Schoek, Matilda Strasburger, Marion Thompson.
Room 43. Isabel Cary, Milton Friedman, Walter Scott.
Room 45. Claire Coult, Mary Meeker, Catherine Dicks, Saul Jacobson, Philip Nohemie, Walter Shraver.
Room 67. Sherman Corwin.
Room 85. Elizabeth Clow, Ruth Fisher, Theora Lytle.

2B Room 60. Louise Jewett, Doris Lindsay, Dorothy Stone, Theo. Scrivener.
Room 69. Ethel Carter, Robert Tebris.
Room 76. Chas. Appel.
Room 82. Evelyn Hock, Freda Hughs, Florence Meyerson.
Room 83. Florence Taylor.

(*Continued on page 27.*)




KENNETH CARRINGTON, *Ch.*
HELEN KUSSY

MARION SMITH
DE WARREN BARNETT, JR.

## THE CARIAD.

**(A Mock Epicette.)**

CANTO I.

How vext we feel when, with the best intent
To do our duty ev'ry wish is bent,
When then, O Muse, some chance quite unfore-
thought
Doth put our pious strivings all to naught
When, further, we are blamed for what befell,
Then words are not our 'wildered hurt to tell.

* * * * *

For miles the sunlit track was vacant seen.
All eyes were fixt on it with glances keen.
The band, half-frozen, waiting at one side,
In anathema with each other vied.
'Tis now five minutes. Comes the car not yet?
Each cheek with tears of helpless rage was wet.
Into eternity ten more have slipt.
Fast numbing hands the school books tyhter
gript.
Fifteen then twenty-five do further pass,
When trembling, sobbing, spoke one lissome lass.
"I fear,"—but yet the awful words do balk.
"I fear," at length she said, "we'll have to walk."

CANTO II.

Then shrieks and groons and sounds of loud
lament
To the sad scene an added sadness lent.
Their frosty feet they stamped with might and
main,
E're forcing them to take the road again.
When hark, a tiny voice from up on high
Drew each glance as by magic toward the sky.
Upon the wires far stretching overhead,
Was perched a little sparrow, brown, who said,
"Go not, the Clifton car is on the way
You shall arrive at school while yet 'tis day."
Then flew the tiny oracle away
A visit to our principal to pay.

And he with joy each sturdy heart grew light
For there a car came swifty into sight.
But soon stark anguish showed on ev'ry face,
As the proud car moved surely past the place.

CANTO III.

Then followed such a chase as ne'er was known,
Not in the race that followed marathon.
Feet spurned the ground—books dropped—hats
slipt awry.
They went so fast they fairly seemed to fly.
They caught the car—but ah, sad to relate
They found a closed and bleakly barring gate
"Car full," the conductor howled with horrid
glee.
"Or, well," with an inward glance, "we could
take three."
Ah, thanks, I give I was not within reach,
When that conductor made that fateful speech.
Full twenty-five did storm the gate in vain,
Tho' hard they fell, straight up they rose again.
The steps they climbed—the gates they pushed
and poked,
The while that barbarous conductor joked.
A mighty charge—a shove—the door did yield,
They swept the gate's late guardian off the field.
In fact so I have heard some people say
That man could scarcely stand for many a day,
But yet, alas, when all the strife was o'er,
Five crowded in. There was no room for more,
A second car behind the first appeared
Toward this those left behind their footsteps
steered.
The car was stopt—the door was opened wide
Gladly the little band did step inside,
And thus they journeyed slowly on to school
Each to his taste—to work—to sleep—to fool.

CANTO IV.

The office clock said fully half-past nine,
Our little band stood in the waiting line.
Our honorable principal to see,

To find if pardoned or condemned they'd be.
Our principal seemed deep in thought immersed
"Excuse!" he snapped out coldly to the first.
At that each one, sooner to learn his fate,
Cried out with on accord, "The car was late."
Our principal once more in thought did lapse,
The anxious victims stifled yawns and gaps.

CANTO V.

A secret let me tell you at this place
The while we journey backward for a space.
The little bird, whom we met once before,
Flew, as we know, straight to the office door.
He perched upon our principal's own chair
And whispered these wise sayings in his ear:
"Some people who, tho' very young, know more
Than learned men have ever known before,
Who take not as advisor anyone
Who with experience, life's hard race have run,
Who think life's chiefest aim is but to fool,
And folly's highest height to go to school
Will say they'd been here sooner, if they could,
'Tis not a case of 'could,' ah, no, but 'would.'"
And then the little bird the window sought,
Leaving our principal immersed in thought.
His heart, by nature soft and yielding made,
Was now a rival to the hardest jade.
His purpose, fortified my righteous zeal,
Would bend—not break—as does Toledian steel.
He raised his head, to wrath and anger stirred,
This sentence thundered, that the whole school heard:
"I give to each of you," he cried "five hours
All other claims must give way to my powers."
A stricken hush, a storm of protest loud.
They neared the desk—an angry, ruffled, crowd.
Then softly sobbed the foresaid lissome lass,
"I knew 'twould come. I broke a looking glass."
They slowly, sadly, to their classrooms filed.
So deep in woe, so hurt, that scarce one smiled.
It is supposed they stayed their half-hours ten,
And took their pill like girls—if not like men.
Let not to us such mischance e'er befall,
But guide aright our footsteps one and all,
This is my prayer to you, oh goddess great,
Who holds in balance each poor pupil's fate.

MILDRED HAMMELL.

---

### PERSONALS.

Geom. teacher (holding up the back of his watch)—And what is this?
Class—Brass!

---

English Teacher—Walepale wrote a novel that *almost* raised the hair on my head when I read it.

---

### QUESTION BOX.

Dear "Ed."—How can I get ten in the next Latin exam?
Answer—Don't try it. We knew a teacher once who found a perfect exam, and she never came to.

She—Some people spell parlor, p-a-r-l-o-r.
He—I like it better with "u" in it.

---

### SIGNIFICANT SYNONYMS.

Used in "The Haunted Abbey" in our last issue—"idler and adventurer."

---

### THAT POEM ON THRIFT STAMPS!!

Lawshe—They forgot the lining.

---

### PLAYS FOR THE COMING WEEK.

Idler ..... "In 56"
Carrington ..... "In Detention"
Berry ..... "In the Office"
Tries ..... "In the Barber Shop"
Bishop ..... "The Taylor"
Jennings ..... "In the Ford"
Beacon .. ..... "The Dreamer"
Boyce ..... "The Boss"

---

### AT 4A CLASS MEETING.

Kaltman—Put on my motto at the present moment!

---

What does a light blue collar on a sailor's middy stand for?
Brains—German *dies!*

---

Why does everybody look at the feet instead of the head of our Editor?

---

**E**ase.
**A**ches.
**S**ick (?)
**T**eachers (no)
**E**nergy.
**R**eturn.

---

Teacher (speaking about a market place)—Here, they are quite different, they have a roof over them and a ceiling under them.

---

"That man with the ague ought to be in a minstrel show," said Tommy Jones.
"He ought to be, because you see, he's rattling all his bones."

---

He took her to the vaudeville,
And sat beside her chair.
No lessons done till—?
And not a single care.

---

If some things are hereditary, Barnett's name must be.

---

### NOTICE ON BOARD IN 39.

Will someone lend the Van Emberg twins two *cents,* so they can buy the ACROPOLIS.

---

Berry would like to know if anyone misses his jokes?

Teacher—Berry, what are you doing?
Carrington—He's putting his head into copper-sulphate to find out its density.

---

1B (looking at the statue of Laacoon)—Look, mother, the firemen are caught in the hose.

---

Prof.—How did the Romans build their roads?
Stude—I don't know.
Prof.—Well, first they put down stones as big as your head and about as hard—"

---

Teacher—What are the three most used words?
Pupil—I don't know.
Teacher—Correct, sit down.

---

Cairns—I wonder if Corwin meant anything personal when he gave me a ticket to a lecture on "Fools"?
Carpenter—Why?
Johnny—Well, the ticket said *"admit one."*

---

Prof. in Science—Are there any feathered quadrupeds?
Class Dunce—Er, yes, feather beds.

---

1st Stude—Where is the biggest vacancy in the ACROPOLIS board?
2d Stude—Boyce's head, I guess.

---

Father—Is the young man gone?
Polly—Awfully, pa.

---

Mr. Stearns (to naughty 1B)—Ha! now I have you.
1B—Please let me go! I didn't do anything, but I won't do it again.

---

1st Stude—Yes, twenty years ago he came here with his two bare feet. Now he has millions.
2d Stude—Gee, what is he, a centepede?

---

Marion G.—I hear Tries made a good speech. What did he speak on?
4B—Oh, on the platform.

---

Teacher in Physiography—What is the Tropic of Capricorn?
1B—A round imaginary circle.

---

Pupil in Economics class discussing "value"—Well, are anyone's brains worth anything?
Prof.—Yes, but not yours, Arthur.

---

Prof.—Can you girls hear me?
Meier—Yes, sir.

---

History Prof.—What was the Bastile?
Stude—I don't know.
Prof.—It's the historical prison of Paris. I was there once.

Bill—Why do you wear that loud vest?
Wells—Why, the doctor told me to keep a check on my stomach.

---

1st Fool—Why is an egg like a joke?
2d Fool—I dunno, why?
1st Fool—Because it must be cracked before it can be enjoyed.

---

**IN LATIN.**

Teacher—What does coincido come from?
Stude—From *kiddo!*

---

**TO WHOM?**

When we go to assembly,
My soul is filled with glee;
For I can grin at my friends,
And they can grin at me.

---

Liza, what are you doin' wid dat dere shoe polish?
Dat ain't no shoe polish, niggah—dat's mah massage cream.—*Ex.*

---

**IN HISTORY.**

Stude (reciting)—Louis XVI was *gelatined* during the French Revolution.

---

The *pyramids* are a range of mountains between Spain and France.

---

**FROM A TEST PAPER.**

Richard II is said to have been murdered by some historians, but his fate is uncertain. (English teachers please take notice.)

---

Teacher (after having described the rules of the different countries)—Now, Johnny, what is a Kaiser?
Johnny (who has been reading a book under his desk)—A Kaiser is a spring of water springing up and disturbing the earth!

---

Mr. Haggett——Who was the first governor of New Jersey?
Miss Croll—Cataract!

---

1B—Is that bell ringing for fire?
4B—Naw; there's plenty of fire—it's ringing for water.

---

"I tell you, this conservation is certainly making the people very saving."
"How's that?"
"Why, I saw a man weigh a fish with its own scales."
(It's time to laugh, now.)

---

No wonder George Washington never told a lie—he didn't have to take the Clifton car to school.

### WHO CAN TELL?

Mr. Haggett—What public land will be given to our soldiers after the war?

Higby—Germany.

---

Blasé 4A to Salesgirl—I wish to buy a belt for my sweetheart, but I don't know what size she wears.

Salesgirl—Just give me the length of your arm.

---

Clever—Did you know that our athletes are like children around a Victrola?

Stupid—No, I never did.

Clever—Well, they are; 'cause they usually break all records.

---

### TO ALL FOOLS.

If you looked at your card
  And saw—a *nine*
And you took it home—
  *And* the folks said—"Fine"
How would you feel when you
  Came back to school
If your teacher reversed it and said:
    "April fool!"

---

2B—What's the name of May's beau?
1B—Oh, I call him April showers.
2B—Why?
1B—'Cause he brings May flowers.

---

You talk about your subjects,
  But there's one thing that is true,
There's just one subject you all like,
  I'll prove that fact to you.

Now, none of you like Latin,
  And *few* of you like French—
And *no one* wants to study Dutch
  (They'd rather dig a trench.)

Not many folks like hist'ry
  Algebra's too hard,
And I'm told that geometry
  Puts sixes on your card.

They all have something lacking,
  And no one like them well;
But there's just *one* subject we all like,
  The ringing of the bell!

---

Teacher—Now, in writing compositions do not attempt any flights of fancy. Write only what is in you.

Result—(Composition of a 1B):

We shall not attempt any flites of fancy, but wright just what is in you. In me there is my stummick, lungs, liver, two apples, two cakes and my dinner.

### THE DIFFERENCE.

When a young man is mentioned the 1B girl says—How much does he know?

The 2B says—Can he dance?

The 3B says—Who is he?

The 4B says—*Where is he?*

---

Freshman—What's a foot rule?

Junior—Walk the straight and narrow path.

---

1st Dame—What is that *escadrille* I see mentioned so often in the war dispatches?

2d Dame—One of the new war dances, I presume.

---

### APPRECIATED.

Dinner Guest—I've brought my own sugar.

Hostess—How sweet of you.—*Ex.*

---

### PROFICIENT.

A French soldier who came proudly up to an American in a certain headquarters town the other day asked:

"You spik Franch?"

"Nope," answered the American, "not yet."

The Frenchman smiled complacently:

"Aye spik Engleesh," he said. The American grinned and the Frenchman looked about for some means to show his prowess in the foreign tongue. At that moment a French girl, very neat and trim in her peaked hat, long coat and high laced shoes, came along. The Frenchman jerked his head toward her, looked knowingly at the American and said triumphantly: "Cheecken."

The American roared. "Shake," he said, extending his hand. "You don't speak English; you speak American."—*Ex.*

---

Helen—Do you know all this talk about Tries' face reminds me of one of Shakespear's plays?

Ed.—Why, which one?

Helen—"Much ado about nothing."

---

Teacher (to chalk and eraser thrower)—The first time your fine is five cents; next time I catch you I'll fine you ten cents; the next time it will be twenty cents and so on up to five dollars.

Student (unabashed)—Pardon me, but how much would a season ticket cost?

---

Kenneth—I've been thinking of just nothing all day!

Idler—Oh, take your mind off yourself!

---

### ARMY SMILES.

Private Jones—What did you ever do to get stripes?

Corporal Bones—Listen to a little advice; you never get them for being lazy—see?

Private Jones—I guess you're right. If they did you would look like a zebra.

A Battle Creek lady danced three times with a good looking first-lieutenant and then said:

"Pardon me, sir, but your face is strangely familiar. Haven't I seen you somewhere before?"

"Yes, madam, you have," responded the officer; "I was your milkman for three years."

---

Private Slim—Why don't you wear your helmet and keep your ears warm?

Private Plump—Had an accident the first time I wore it.

Private Slim—What happened?

Private Plump—Oh, mess call sounded and I didn't hear it.

---

### A POSSIBILITY.

Orator—And I say, food will win the war!

Musician (in audience)—And after the war I suppose the band will be playing, "Hail to the Chef."—*Ex.*

---

### NATIONAL SALUTATIONS.

German—Good morning! Have you cursed England this morning?

French—Good evening! Why have you not yet died for France?

Austrian—Good luck! And d—— the Kaiser.

Turkish—May Allah preserve you from the German draft!

American—Howdy! See you "over there" later!—*Ex.*

---

Teacher—What! Forgotten your pencil again? What would you think of a soldier who went to war without a gun?

1B—I'd think he was an officer, sir.

---

### FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

(*Continued from page* 13.)

have not yet joined the Rostrum or debated before it? Do you want to go into the fray next year handicapped, as this year's team was, by a lack of experience? How can you get it? By joining the Rostrum, now, and taking part in some lively debates! Don't give that excuse about being too nervous. That all wears off after the first try. We know from personal experience.

Now is the time! Let us build up a strong combination for next year. All Juniors and Seniors who have a voice and a level head should join the Rostrum at once. Get into the game, for your own benefit! For the benefit of Barringer!

Some of you will say, "Next year is a long time away, I'll wait till the fall term before getting into this club and learning something." For you we will simply quote Mr. Stearns, "A debater is not made over night." It requires training, just as baseball, just as track and football. Next fall may be too late. Do it now!

Admiring Maiden (to brave swain who has enlisted in the Navy)—The discipline in the Navy is strict, isn't it?

Hero—Sure. They even dock a vessel for failing to keep up with the rest.—*Ex.*

---

### THE OFFICE REBELLION.

The office furniture had a meeting to discuss the high cost of living.

"Higher wages are what we need," said the clock. "We must strike. I'm ready to take a hand. Who'll join?"

"You can count on me," said the adding machine.

"I'm game," said the playing cards on the boss's desk.

"Leave a space for me," came from the typewriter.

"Put me on the roll," said the map.

"You have my support," was the table's answer.

"I'll stick by you to the last," said the mucilage.

"I'll back you up, too," asserted the chair.

In fact everybody joined except the safe, which stood aloof.

"Aren't you going to enter this combination?" demanded the clock.

"Why should I?" replied the safe. "If you fellows get a raise it means so much money taken from me."—*Ex.*

---

She—Do you think it possible for a man to love two women at once?

He—Yes, twenty at once, if they were all like you.—*Ex.*

---

### HONOR ROLL FOR MARCH.

(*Continued from page* 21.)

1A Room 65. Mary Barr, Mary Kohn, Irma Lutz, Stuart Blodgett, Wm. Koester.
Room 81. Bertha Gordinier, Frances Kolodin, Dorothy McCanse, Blanche Nixon.
Room 87. Lora Stephans.
Room 92. Gondolfa Rizzo.
Room 95. Anna Bishop, Annie Dillingham, Muriel Jones, Margaret Randall.

1B Room 31. Florence Wlasak, Rudolph Huebner.
Room 32. Theo. Rissell.
Room 57. Melito Ahl.
Room 86. Robert Metcalfe, George Washburne.
Room 91. Marion Brewer, Julia Clements, Kathryn Elkins, Frederick Drake, Eugene Frey.

### OMISSION FROM HONOR ROLL OF FEBRUARY.

2B Room 82. John Olwine.

### OMISSION—TESTIMONIALS.

1A Room 69. Helen Walsh.

# ATHLETICS!

JOHN FOSTER, *Ch.*
JOSEPHINE FLORENCE
LEWIS KUHNLE
PAUL WHITFIELD
JOHN JENNINGS

## GIRLS' ATHLETICS.

There has not been much activity in girls' athletics this term. In fact, nothing has been done since field-hockey last fall. The swimming team was not reorganized because funds for maintaining a coach were unavailable. However, most of the first-class material that made the team what it was last year is still with us and will very likely be around next year so we may have a team yet. Then, too, there is the usual indoor meet which is generally staged some time in April. The cold weather prevented early practice along that line and as the gym is now signed up for nearly every afternoon, the meet has been given up.

The girls have been having some lively practice for the basketball games. These games will be played as soon as Miss Whitney sees fit and should be rather exciting. The seniors especially are good. Also Miss Patrick has given her consent for us to take up hockey again if the ground gets dry soon enough.

---

## A SERVICE FLAG FOR THE BASEBALL

We now have three members of last year's baseball team in the service. They are: Howard Maze, Army; George Poole, Marine Corps, and Yardley Chittick, in the Reserve Officers Training Corps.

George Poole is now in the Marine Corps. He is one of the few "little fellows" in school who ever starred in athletics. Poole was a most dependable backfield man on the football team. He played on the 1915, '16 and '17 teams, showing some wonderful open field running and also line plunging. Poole was also a good man at baseball. For two years past he has taken care of left field in such a way that he was sure of keeping his position.

## HEAR YE!

We realize that this department is no place in which to wield the hammer. However, as the student body as a whole is not supporting the Annual Barringer Field Day, we feel that it is entirely within our rights to knock.

Come on, some of you fellows with the rubber backs, come out and show the rest that there is no band of yellow all over you.

We want so many of the fellows entered that there will be few girls and the physically unfit to act as spectators.

If you are a newcomer in the school you probably don't know, what a classic the Barringer Field Day is.

Almost since the founding of Barringer, Field Day has been an occasion when all who aspired to athletic distinction embraced the opportunity to show their ability.

For a long time the meet was held in Ashland Field and the school had an afternoon off. Those days, however, are gone and we have better facilities right in our own City Field.

If there are enough entries, medals will be given for the first three places; so come out and try.

Therefore, when someone comes around to sign you up for Field Day, dig out the desired coin and have your name inscribed on the list, a fellow with some old-time Barringer spirit!

---

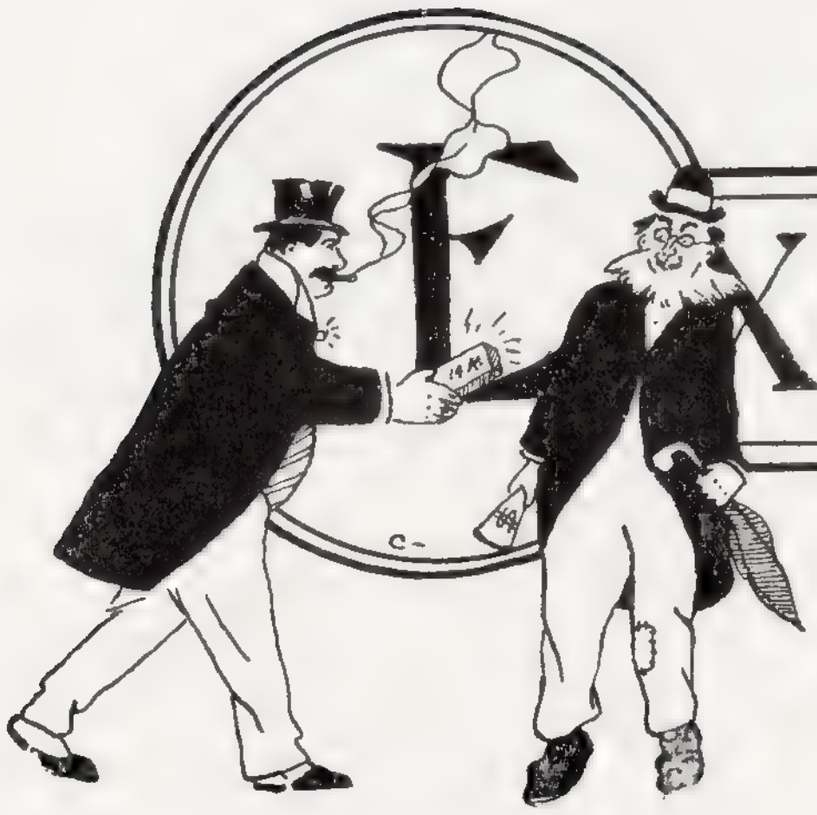
## KNOW YOUR RELAY TEAM.

It will probably be a surprise to those fellows who never try to do anything for the school to know that our relay team made a very creditable showing in the Wanamaker meet.

A few loyal rooters were there to see our team finish fifth out of the twelve entered.

If you use a little of the higher mathematics taught in our honorable halls, you will realize that there were more teams behind us than there were in front of us.

When we consider that this was the first time any of the boys had run together on a relay team, we cannot give too much credit to Hammond, Keller, Werstuch and Captain Foster, for their spirit, courage and very creditable showing.



# EXCHANGES

ALBERT J. BIEDERMAN, *Ch.*
CLARISSA HULSE

## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

The ACROPOLIS wishes to acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges, received during the last two months. The exchange editors are glad to welcome any new papers or any of our old friends who have temporarily "set us on the shelf."

*The Artisan* (Bridgeport, Conn), *Aster* (Newark, N. J.), *Argus* (Wesleyan University), *Boy's Lantern* (Nashville, Tenn.), *Black and Magenta, Berkshire Industrial Farm Record* (Canaan, N. Y.), *Carteret* (Orange, N. J.), *Comet* (Glen Ridge, N. J.), *Commerce Caravel* (New York), *College News* (Bangkok Siam), *Criterion* (Bridgeport, Conn.), *Columbia Alumni News, Counter Currents* (Newark, N. J.), *Conwayan* (Staten Island), *Daleville Leader* (Daleville, Va.), *E. O. News* (East Orange, N. J.), *Holman Magazine* (Philadelphia, Pa.), *H. S. Herald* (Westfield, Mass.), *H. S. Chronicle* (Danbury, Conn.), *Howard Times, Impressions* (Scranton, Pa.), *Karux* (Phillipsburg, N. J.), *L. H. S. Review* (Lowell, Mass.), *Lassell Leaves* (Boston, Mass.), *Lever* (Hoboken, N. J.), *Mirror* (West Hoboken, N. J.), *New Yorker* (N. Y. U.), *Omnibus* (Franklin, Pa.), *On Bounds* (Montclair, N. J.), *Optimist* (Newark, N. J.), *Orient* (Newark, N. J.), *Orange and Blue* (Union Hill, N. J.), *Observer* (Dobbs' Ferry, N. Y.), *Owl* (Park Ridge, N. J.), *Princeton Pictorial, Pivot* (Newark, N. J.), *Ramble* (Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y.), *Red and White* (Elizabeth, N. J.), *Red and Blue* (New York, N. Y.), *Record, Rutherfordian* (Rutherford, N. J.), *Review* (Washington, D. C.), *Shuttle* (Boston, Mass.), *Spectator* (Trenton, N. J.), *Skirmisher* (Bordentown, N. J.), *School Life* (Metuchen, N. J.), *Syracuse Daily Orange, Tripod* (Hartford, Conn.), *Tech. Monthly* (Scranton, Pa.), *Targum* (Rutgers College), *Torch* (Doylestown, Pa.), *Vincentian* (Newark, N. J.), *Williams' Record, White and Gold* (Woodbury, N. J.), *Yale Alumni Weekly.*

**THE CARTERET,**
**CARTERET ACADEMY,**
**ORANGE, N. J.**

You are improving, *Carteret,* with some new heading cuts and a lot of good material, you have as snappy and up-to-date a paper as any of your bigger and older friends. "Carterettes" are fine. "The Relation of School to National Prosperity" is timely and pointed.

---

**THE RUTHERFORDIAN,**
**RUTHERFORD, H. S.,**
**RUTHERFORD, N. J.**

Your Thrift Number is good in most respects, but poor in others. Personals are threadbare, and "City Adventures" is not worth printing in a high school periodical. Cartoons are well drawn, but too crowded to be properly appreciated.

---

**THE RED AND BLUE,**
**FRANKLIN SCHOOL,**
**NEW YORK, N. Y.**

Ads. and literature are the most interesting in this paper, but all of the other departments are not of good size. Exchanges are undoubtedly the best we have received in a long while. Accept our congratulations on your success as a paper, *Red and Blue,* we hope to enjoy you again.

---

**THE PIVOT,**
**CENTRAL H. S.,**
**NEWARK, N. J.**

We are glad to welcome the *Pivot* into our midst again. Literature and cartoons are unquestionably the best parts of your issue. School News and Graduate Notes are mixed up. Why not separate these into two departments? The use of slang in your paper is too prevalent. A little slang lends life, but too much takes away the dignity of your paper.

**THE SHUTTLE,**
**HIGH SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL ARTS,**
**BOSTON, MASS.**

You have a very attractive paper, *Shuttle*. Your editorials are fine and the cuts are very bright. You should be congratulated on the fine work you are doing in War Service Work.

---

**THE WHITE AND GOLD,**
**WOODBURY HIGH SCHOOL,**
**WOODBURY, N. J.**

This is an exceedingly fine, well-edited paper. The literature, especially, is unusually good.

---

**THE DALEVILLE LEADER**
**DALEVILLE,**
**VIRGINIA.**

The form of the *Leader* is very good, but all the departments might be enlarged quite a good deal. We hope that the Exchange Department will have better luck next time.

---

**THE ATTIC,**
**NUTLEY HIGH SCHOOL**
**NUTLEY, N. J.**

The form of your paper could be greatly improved. The literature department is very good. Why not have a few more jokes? We always enjoy reading them.

**THE OPTIMIST,**
**SOUTH SIDE H. S.,**
**NEWARK, N. J.**

The *Optimist's* Princeton Number is in all respects complete. "War" is a fine piece of description. Why not put it in your literary section? Jokes are really humorous, something rare in a high school paper.

---

**TECH. MONTHLY,**
**TECHNICAL H. S.,**
**SCRANTON, PA.**

Neatness and finish seem to be the motto of this newcomer to our doors. "The Path of Destiny" is your best literary effort this month. Try to enlarge your Exchange Department. Tech's Punch Bowl is too personal in certain places. We are glad to place you on our exchange list, monthly. Come again.

---

**THE HOLMAN MAGAZINE,**
**HOLMAN SCHOOL,**
**PHILADELPHIA.**

If all your departments came up to Literature, you would have a wonderful paper, *Holman*. That department is the best we have seen for some time. A few more jokes would not come amiss.

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